

## Permission by letitbeme

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**Summary:** A prequel to my story Piece Of Cake. Mike wants to ask Hopper something and it's a pretty big deal.

## Permission

Mike Wheeler was nervous. He had every right to be nervous. He was about to ask his girlfriend's dad arguably the biggest question a young man could ever ask his girlfriend's dad, and normally, this would be intimidating enough, but it really didn't help matters that her dad was the local chief of police, had access to several different kinds of guns, and, Mike was fairly certain, never liked him too much. But, Mike knew this was important, so, he was gonna do it, no matter what the outcome.

"Hey, Flo, is the chief in?" Mike asked, coming into the police station.

"Yes, Michael, he's in his office, but he's not to be disturbed."

Mike ignored her and kept walking, knowing that if he didn't do this today, he would just chicken out any other time he so much as thought of it.

"Hey, Chief, you got a minute?" Mike asked knocking on the office door, where Hopper was filing some paperwork.

"Hey Wheeler, 60 every hour." Hop responded sarcastically.

"Well, I need to talk to you and...it really can't wait."

"Is this a police matter?"

"No, it's more of a...personal...you and me...matter."

Hopper actually looked up from his paperwork at Mike clearly thinking it over.

"Sit down, Mike."

Mike took a chair and sat down, mentally psyching himself up for what he was gonna ask.

"Well, what's the personal, you and me matter?"

"Right, right. Chief Hopper, sir, you know me and El have been an

item for quite a while?" Mike cringed inwardly knowing that wasn't the best opener.

"You can't go two days without talking to each other, sometimes it feels like she's actually living at your place or you're living at my place, and you've been practically joined at the hip ever since you were fourteen, so, yeah, I knew that."

And Mike knew that was a pretty good account except for one detail, "We were thirteen when we got together, Sir."

Hopper scowled at Mike.

"But, that's not the point!" Mike said, quickly trying to get back on track, "The point is...I love her...and I know for a fact that she loves me. And when two people as close as us share those words, they don't want to let each other go. So, after giving a lot, and I do mean a lot, of thought into this, I made a decision, and I've been working my butt off all year so I'd have enough money for something."

"College?"

"Partially that...and this." Mike pulled a velvet box out of his jacket and set it on the desk. Hopper raised an eyebrow.

"That what I think it is?"

Mike swallowed hard, knowing it was sink or swim time, "Yes, sir...Chief Hopper...Sir...I want your permission to ask your daughter to marry me."

To Mike's surprise, Hopper wasn't angry. He just sat back in his chair with his hand on his chin, appearing to be thinking. And then he spoke:

"Hypothetically speaking, what would you do if my answer was no?"

"I'll be honest, I was so scared at the thought of even asking you, I didn't let myself think that far ahead."

Hopper went back to thinking.

"You know, most parents wouldn't approve of marriage at your age, they'd say you were too young, too immature, that it wouldn't last..." Hopper slightly trailed off.

Mike softly hung his head down, upset but understanding.

Then Hopper continued speaking.

"However, I don't think those parents have ever seen a couple like you and Jane. I know when you say you love her, you mean it, kid. And I know, you would do everything in your power to make her happy, even if it meant putting your own life on the line, am I right, Mike?"

Mike was surprised at where this was going and decided to roll with it, "Yes, sir, absolutely sir, you know it."

"That's what I thought, plus, most guys don't do this kind of thing anymore, so, the fact that you did is a huge plus in your favor...Okay, I give you my permission."

Mike couldn't believe his ears and started to form the biggest smile he'd ever had, "You...you mean it, sir?"

Even Hop was smiling now, "Yeah, Mike, I do...besides, I always did kinda like you...a little" he mumbled near the end.

Mike's smile was very quickly reaching 10'000 watts, he was opening and closing his mouth, struggling to find words, but, none would come before he finally worked out a small "Thank you, sir."

"You're welcome" Hop said before dropping his smile and getting a very bad feeling, "You wanna hug me, don't you?"

Mike was still smiling so hard it looked like it hurt, "Thinking about it."

Hopper stood up and said "All right, make it qui-" quickly getting cut off and nearly getting the wind knocked out of him by the crushing hug Mike had him in.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you! You won't regret this, sir! I

promise!" Mike said letting go of him, before grabbing the ring and heading out.

"Make sure I don't!" Hopper yelled out the door before turning back to his paperwork and thinking to himself, "*Little S.O.B. wanted to ask for my blessing first...how about that?*"